New life break away

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New life break away

by orphan_account

Summary

Will, a TH400 model android, is chosen by Jack Crawford to help with a difficult case because of its unique ability to see through anyone's perspective.

Can it survive this?

Notes

Anyway it's mostly a d:bh AU rewrite, at least it is so far

Enjoy!!!

See the end of the work for more notes

To begin

[Finding Information…]
[Recollection: Begin]
[Entering Mindset]

Shown in faceless recreation, everything formed in various shades of blue, a figure violently kicks in Mr and Mrs Marlows' front door. The blue moving shape that represents Mr Marlow [Thomas Marlow, 1999-2037] bounds downstairs, only to be shot twice by the intruder.

"They shoot Mr Marlow twice, severing jugulars and carotids with near surgical precision. He will die watching them take what is his away from him. This is their design."

Mrs Marlow [Theresa Marlow, 2000-2037] scratches her fingers across the home's home security key pad, sweat taking away any friction she had on the flat screen. Her form immediately crumples as a blue bullet tears through her neck as well.

"They shoot Mrs Marlow expertly through the neck. It is not a fatal wound. The bullet misses every artery. She is paralyzed before it leaves her body, which doesn't mean she can't feel pain. It just means she can't do anything about it. This is their design."

The home alarm that had been screaming was killed by calm hands. The home security key pad, an older model- though still advanced enough that it had unique special features, shook as someone called.

The intruder answers.

[searching: Home Security Company [?]-Incident Report]
[Found]

'This is DDT security, who am I speaking with?'

The intruder, human, brings his own phone to the screen.

'Theresa Marlow.'

Having stolen her voice from the previous week's false security alarm, the intruder uses Mrs Marlow's prerecorded answers to dismiss any help she could receive- sealing her fate. The faceless recreation of her, still alive, still in pain, can only listen.

[Exiting Mindset]
[Recollection: End]

F.B.I ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA
##/##/2037

“Almost every human being has thought about killing someone one way or another. Be it personally or professionally. Now think about killing Mrs Marlow.”

Already connected to the screen behind it, the TH400 model android projects the crime scene photos of the Marlows’ home, flipping through to showcase the entire event.

“Why did she deserve this? Tell us your design. Tell us who you are. Your assignment has been sent to your personal devices.”

Trainees leave the lecture hall; Special Agent Crawford [Jack Crawford, 1992-N/A] enters. Crawford waits for the room to empty, studying the android from afar. As the two become alone, the agent moves closer to the podium the TH400 stands behind. It does not make eye contact.

“I’m special Agent Jack Crawford. I lead the Behavioral Science Unit,” Crawford was aware the android already knew this.

“I believe we have met, agent.”

“Yes, I believe you were showcased at the Evil Minds Research Museum.”

[Software Instability^]

It smiled in a friendly manner, “that’s the one.”

Crawford was unsure as to why he was making small talk with an android, the life-like way it talked and acted wasn’t helping.

“Your name is Will, correct?”

“Correct.”

It was standing perfectly straight, head facing straight ahead, straight arms colliding together behind it’s back so that it’s hands held each other.

“You are a teacher, though you can…empathize with murderers and sociopaths.”

“I can empathize with anybody,” it corrects.

Crawford gives a small grin and leans towards Will.

“I’d like to borrow you, and your empathy.”

———————

Leading the android, Crawford said,

“Eight girls from eight different Minnesota campuses abducted in the last eight months.”

[Searching: eight missing Minnesota girls]

Crawford watched as Will's LED on its temple changed from blue to yellow, only to return to its normal color soon after. That, combined with the typical android uniform it wore, labeling it, was the only reminder he had that it was not a person he was talking to.

They walked through the academy, passing faces lingering on Will.

"There is a discrepancy, you say eight while the news says seven."

"There were," Crawford sighed.

"When did you tag the eighth?"

"About three minutes before I walked into the lecture hall."

"You call them 'abductions' because you have no bodies?"

"We have nothing."

They enter Jack Crawford's office, a digital map of Minnesota stood front and center, showcasing where seven of the girls were taken from. Crawford makes his way to stand beside his desk, grabbing something from the neat mess.

"Here- all the information you may need."

Crawford holds out a large tablet, provided by the people who bought Will when Crawford finalized his decision to have the android help with the case.

The android was a unique and intelligent model, new and unlike anything Cyberlife has created before. Its capabilities were still being tested by the FBI Academy, making it easy for Crawford to turn his suggestion of bringing it into the field into reality. A breakthrough such as this would benefit both the FBI and innocents (as well as Cyberlife, though Crawford could care less about them).

Speaking just to speak as Will interfaced with the tablet, Crawford said, "All abducted on a Friday so they're not reported missing until Monday. However he's covering his tracks, he needs a weekend to do it."

The android blinked, "Elise Nichols is the eighth."

[Elise Nichols, 2018-N/A, went to St. Cloud State university, disappeared Friday]

[Entering Mindset: partially]

"The other seven are dead. The person abducting them get themselves a new girl every month."

Crawford nodded in grim agreement.

"You- we're focusing on Elise Nichols."

Will's LED spins yellow again as it observes the map, specifically the pictures of the girls shown next to their abduction points.

"They all share the same hair color, eye color, roughly same age, height, weight-"

"What is it about all these girls?" Crawford said to himself, leaning on his desk.

"It's not about all of these girls. It's about one of them."

Crawford looks up to the android, intrigued.

"He takes girl after girl, while only one is his true intended victim. She's hidden amongst all the others."

"Warming up for his true intended victim," he scratched his chin, "or reliving whatever he did to her."

"She wouldn't be the first taken and she wouldn't be the last. He wants to hide how special she is."

"You're gonna be on this case."

[Software Instability^^]
[Exiting Mindset]

"If I am permitted to, agent."

Crawford moves to be in front of Will, he then pats it on the shoulder, nervously smiling. The android does not make eye contact.

To continue

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

Mr and Mrs Nichols worry in their living room. Mr Nichols was talking about Elise. Jack Crawford sat opposite of them while Will stood to his side. Mrs Nichols glared at Will.

She talked to Agent Crawford, her voice trembling yet distant. Trying his best to soothe while not getting too close Crawford tried his best to answer her questions vaguely.

“How is the cat?” Will suddenly asked.

It had been scanning as much as it could without moving its head or body, finding that the Nichols had not slept in multiple days as well as where Elise’s bedroom was located.

“What?” replied Mrs Nichols, disgusted.

Will looked to Crawford.

“The cat had not been fed all weekend, as Elise was supposed to feed it. Was it acting strangely?”

“What the hell is that thing doing he-“ Mrs Nichols was cut off by her tired husband.

“I didn’t notice.”

Will focused solely on the agent now.

“She was taken from here. She got on a train, came home, fed the cat, and was taken.”

“Will, call for an ERT, and get Zeller, Katz, Jimmy Price, and a photographer here. The Nichols house is a crime scene.”

While contacting those it needed to, Will watched as the Nichols’ mouths fell open in surprise.

“For now, go to Elise’s room.”

The android nods and begins traveling up the stairs. Mr Nichols scrambles behind it to catch up, muttering a quiet ‘I’ll show you’. Will reaches the door without help, planning to shut it in Elise’s father’s face when it enters. It is stopped, however, by finding Elise lying still in her own bed. The android immediately recognizes that she is not breathing and her heart has stopped, multiple bloody wounds poka-dotted her nightdress, but her father is none the wiser- he steps forward.

“Elise?”

The android stops him.

“I need you to leave the room.”

Mr Nichols’ face drops, becoming pale as he gazes upon his daughter’s body.

_____

Left alone in her room (“Take as long as you want, we will come in when you tell me,” assured Crawford.) Will takes a deep, unnecessary breath. It scans the layout, focusing on the window to the right of her bed that leads out to the porch roof.

[Finding Information…]
[Recollection: Begin]
[Entering Mindset]

A faceless form of blue stands outside of Elise Nichols’ bedroom window. He looks over the blue representation of Elise, captivated by her sound sleep. He quietly opens the window, becoming an intruder.

Standing over her he decides to first-

[Searching- Memory Bank: Injuries]
[Found]

-crush her ribs with a powerful knee to the ribcage, then grabbing onto her blue throat. She wakes. She tries and fails to shout, her weakness causing her to succumb to his power. Tears fall from her eyeless face.

“You’re the TH400.”

[Exiting Mindset]
[Recollection: End]

Will is forcefully snapped out of its mindset.

“You are not supposed to be here.”

Katz [Beverly Katz, 2003- N/A] smiles.

“I thought you were a teacher model.”

She had pulled back the white sheet covering Elise’s body, her tweezers held something.

“Found something in the wounds. You’re supposed to be an agent?”

“Special Agent Crawford suggested to use my specialty of being able to-“

“Alright alright! Sorry for asking,” she interrupted, unwilling to listen to it speak.

Crawford came in a second later, noticeably annoyed.

“You’re not supposed to be in here.”

“Found antler velvet in two of the wounds. Like she was gored, was looking for velvet in the other wounds but I was,” she side eyes Will, “interrupted.”

Another person enters the bedroom. Zeller [Brian Zeller, 2006-N/A] avoids Will and stands near Katz, arguing about how deer and elk kill. The conversation continued before Will cut in,

“Whatever he did to the other girls he couldn’t do to Elise.”

“Is this his true victim?” Crawford recalls.

[Entering Mindset: partially]

“No, this is an apology.”

Three human faces stare back at it; considering, confused, and cruel.

[Exiting Mindset]

Will stands upright in the back of an office. It’s in stasis, the android equivalent of sleep, a way to both regain and conserve energy. His face twitches before he calmly opens his eyes. Will listens closely to a sound. He turns to look to his side, finally deciding the sound originates from there. Elise Nichols looks right back at him. The sound was her breathing.

Something pokes through each of her puncture wounds. It grows into antlers as they re-impale her from behind. Will moves a tentative hand towards her only for her to be dragged into the darkness behind them.

Will “awakens” with its LED illuminating the room in bright red. Blinking rapidly and breathing quickly it tries to calm itself.

That had never happened before.

[Software Instability^^^]

Next

F.B.I ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

“What are you doing in here?”

Will disconnected from the computer it was using, tan skin reforming over its hand.

It had allowed itself to be taken away to be used for small tasks for others in the building. Whenever it tried to think about Elise Nichols or her killer, error messages would pop up- artificial breathing would dangerously quicken and its thirium pump would stutter.

Jack Crawford, however, would not care.

“We have a better chance of catching this guy if you were actually trying to do so,” he crossed his arms, impatient.

“I apologize, Agent Crawford. I am, but this… guy is something unique to me. He is unlike other people who do this,” it followed Crawford as he beckoned it to stand in the doorway, ready to leave.

“You can tell something about him or you wouldn’t’ve said this was an apology. What’s he apologizing for?”

Crawford was becoming annoyed with the android- what made it think it could just ignore the case he had put it on? He didn’t know all that much about androids, but he knew that following orders came first.

[Entering Mindset: Partially]

“He couldn’t honor her. He feels bad for her,” it tried to explain.

Will’s LED was stuck on yellow as soon as it entered the killer’s mindset. Breathing a little faster it tried to explain all it could about how he, the killer, thought about the girls. He cared for them, truly, making it difficult to label him as a psychopath.

Long ago, Will had often consulted on murder scenes. It never had exactly one set job it was built to do, being a prototype it held a lot of features that could help different branches of the FBI. But then it got stabbed. It was fixed as best it could be without replacing the whole shoulder, but its mobility was weakened and it was forbidden from being used to track active killers.

Until now.

“He knows he’s going to be caught, one way or the other.”

[Exiting Mindset]

Crawford rubs his eyes with his palms.

“Do you like Will? It’s a very intelligent model.”

“He is, and I do.”

Crawford could feel her judgement. Doctor Alana Bloom was not one of the “crazy android activists,” she just treated them with more respect than they needed.

“I know you’ve been spending more time with it,” Crawford sighed, “but you need to remember that all the ‘human’ qualities it has are programmed.”

They walked side by side through the academy. There was no animosity when they debated things such as this, Crawford held Bloom’s opinions very highly. He only worried that she wasn’t being as respected as she deserved to be by others, because of her opinions on androids.

“I wouldn’t put it- him out there if I couldn’t cover him.”

“I wouldn’t put him out there. He’s better at and more comfortable with teaching. Losing him would mean losing a powerful asset of the FBI.

“Remember- he’s been hurt before,” she stopped walking to look straight at Crawford, trying to get her message across.

Tired, Crawford said, “it can’t feel pain, Dr Bloom.”

F.B.I HEADQUARTERS- EXAMINATION ROOM

Jimmy Price [1987-N/A], Katz, and Zeller stand over an open black body bag, showcasing Elise Nichols. Zeller keeps an eye on Will, his gaze impaling it with distrust and suspicion. The three explained what they had and hadn’t found, and Will stood still with its hands behind its back.

“Curly piece of metal is all we got,” Katz finished, looking towards Will with a smirk.

It walks to the computer in the back of the room.

“Have you uploaded your findings?”

“Yep.”

Will pulls its skin back from its hand, revealing the white plastic underneath. It felt the three humans lean into its space as it connected to the device, collecting the information.

[Download Success]

It now knew everything about Elise's dead body.

"Her liver was removed," it stated.

"He took it out and put it back in… what are you doing here? I thought you were a teacher model," Zeller questioned.

Will ignored him as it-

[Entering Mindset: Partially]

"Jesus- what's it doing, that light could give someone a seizure."

"He cut it out of her just to sew it back in," Will continued.

"Yeah," Price answered it even though it wasn't a question.

Zeller stepped up to tap the back of his hand to its chest.

"Hey! I asked you something, robot!"

Katz hit Zeller's shoulder, "leave it alone Brian, let it do its job."

The three stepped back from Will, Zeller going reluctantly.

Its LED flashed red for a second, its face twisting in thought.

"Something was wrong with the meat."

"She has liver cancer," confirmed Price, slightly concerned.

Will's breathing picks up.

[Software Instability^]

"He's eating them."

[Exiting Mindset]

End Notes

Thanks so much for reading!!

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